

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

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SMALL BOY DROWNED.

Owen P. Leary of Lexington Takes Fatal
Ride Upon Raft—Two Boy Compan-
ions Witness the Drowning—Help
Arrives Too Late—Funeral Tuesday.

A ride on a raft at Grady Pond in Lexington resulted fatally to little Owen P. Leary Sunday afternoon, for, losing his balance, he fell into the water and was drowned. Owen was 8 years old and a son of Timothy J. Leary of Vine street, Lexington. With Eugene Buckley, aged 11 years, and Thomas Buckley, aged 7, Owen went to the pond about 4 o'clock. The boys had been playing nearby for some time, when Owen decided to board the raft, which was composed of old planks. No sooner had he stepped upon the float than it drifted away from the shore with its young victim. At first the lad enjoyed his novel ride, but when he thought of getting back to the shore he found he had no means of so doing. He stepped too near the edge of the raft and suddenly it tipped and he went into the water.

The elder Buckley boy realized the situation and tried to save his companion by reaching a pole to him. He saw the boy rise to the surface two or three times and saw his little hand extending out of the water. Young Buckley worked hard to get the pole within reach of the outstretched hand, but did not succeed. When Owen sank out of sight the last time the two Buckley boys started on the run for help, both crying as if their hearts would break. Frank Cobb, a brakeman on the Boston & Maine railroad, attracted by the commotion, hurried to the pond and succeeded in bringing the little fellow to the shore just as Chief of Police Franks arrived on the scene. Dr. C. H. Valentine, who had been summoned, tried to resuscitate the boy, but it was too late. Chief Franks took charge of the body and summoned Medical Examiner Blake, who viewed the remains and pronounced death due to accidental drowning. The funeral service was at the home of the boy's parents on Vine street Tuesday afternoon.

GIRL AND MONEY GONE.

Mary Coffey, a domestic at the Arlington House in Arlington has left the town. After she went away it was learned that a pocket book containing \$25, a gold chain and locket and two gold rings had also disappeared. Naturally the disappearance of the one was connected with the loss of the other, and John C. Rauch, proprietor of the house, notified the Arlington police of the affair Tuesday. The missing money and jewelry is the property of other servants of the house. The missing woman was engaged about a week ago for general housework, and was secured from a Boston employment office. It is claimed the description given agrees with that of a woman for whom the police of other towns and cities are in search.

SEEKS TO RECOVER.

The town of Arlington has begun proceedings against Roland A. Swan, who is now in the jail at Cambridge awaiting trial at the next term of the superior court. The preliminary papers have been filed at the clerk of court's office.

In the first count in the declaration plaintiff says that defendant owes it \$5400 of money received by defendant to plaintiff's use as follows: On or about March 19, 1901, the sum of \$3700, and on or about April 27, 1901, the sum of \$700.

In the second count plaintiff says that defendant owes it \$5400 for moneys of the plaintiff unlawfully taken and retained by defendant as follows: On or about March 19, 1901, the sum of \$3700 and on or about April 27, 1901, the sum of \$700. Both counts are for the same causes of action. The action is described as one of contract or tort.

BIRTHDAY REMEMBERED.

About 50 friends of John C. Rauch, proprietor of the Arlington House of Arlington, were his guests last Saturday afternoon and evening. The occasion of their presence was his thirty-third birthday, which was duly celebrated. There were friends present from Boston, Brighton, Jamaica Plain and Lexington. Dinner was served during the afternoon, and later Dr. Albert A. McAuley of Brighton arose and after making a bright speech, presented the host in behalf of those present, a handsome combination book case and writing desk. Mr. Rauch responded in an interesting and easy manner. The affair was a decided social success, and all were well pleased with the way in which the day was spent.

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F. N. WIER TO RETIRE.

New District Attorney Must Be Selected—Assistant George A. Sanderson, of Littleton, a Candidate for Promotion.

District Attorney Fred N. Wier, of Lowell, will not be a candidate for another term. He is satisfied to step down and out. As far back as last winter Mr. Wier made up his mind to relinquish at the end of the present term the position which he has held for nine years. Mr. Wier made known his intention to retire to a few friends, with the result that the information was made public early this week, much to Mr. Wier's displeasure.

In a chat with an Enterprise reporter, Tuesday Mr. Wier said: "Yes, it is a fact that I will retire as district attorney, at the end of the present term. I feel that I have held the office as long as I ought to, and I am now ready to



DIST. ATTORNEY FRED N. WIER.

get through. The fact is that my private business has increased to such an extent that I must give my whole time to it. I shall probably keep my Boston office, but my practice is centered chiefly in Lowell. I made up my mind last winter not to stand for another term. I am sorry for certain reasons that my intentions were made public at this time for I had intended waiting until after summer before making the announcement. However, now that the story is out, that settles it. It hardly seems nine years since I assumed the district attorneyship. Among other things, I desire to acknowledge the courtesy and fairness of the newspapers toward me during my term of office."

During Mr. Wier's long service as prosecuting attorney for the county, there have been many important cases to try, and at no time has Mr. Wier been found wanting. It can justly be said that Mr. Wier has fulfilled the duties of the office most acceptably. His business just before the Eastern trial which prevented him from conducting that case for the government was indeed unfortunate, as he had spent considerable time and put in a great deal of hard work in the preparation of the case.

Mr. Wier has figured in several murder trials as district attorney, many embezzlement, bribery and other important cases, and he has met with much success. During his entire service, Mr. Wier has been greatly aided by his faithful and able assistant, George A. Sanderson.

Mr. Wier succeeded Mr. Cooney, and



ASS'T. DIST. ATTORNEY G. A. SANDERSON.

there was a sharp contest for the nomination. It will be remembered that City Solicitor Pevee, then assistant district attorney, was a candidate against Mr. Wier.

The salary of the district attorney is \$2900, and that of the assistant, \$1500. Assistant District Attorney George A. Sanderson, of Littleton, is a candidate for the position, and this far he is the only one spoken of for the place. Friends are already at work in his behalf. Mr. Sanderson has the warm support of Mr. Wier, whose assistant he has been for nine years. Mr. Sanderson has shown much ability in his position, having assisted and also conducted many important cases. His opening argument in the Eastman case was praiseworthy and won a great deal of favorable comment.

Mr. Sanderson was born in Littleton, 38 years ago, and always resided in Middlesex county. He graduated from Yale in 1885, and from the Boston University law school in '87. He has practiced in Boston since '87. He is a very genial fellow, and has a wife and three children.

HON. JOHN E. PARRY.

The city of Cambridge for the past fifteen years has been represented in the Massachusetts senate by men of unusual force and character, some of whom have exerted a large influence in the shaping of legislation. In that group the service of none stands out more conspicuously than that rendered by the present incumbent, Hon. John E. Parry. Mr. Parry brought to the office years of successful business experience, which alone is one of the best qualifications for grappling with those complex problems and adjusting them to the best interests of the people. Mr. Parry has developed remarkably as a public speaker in the last year, and he now ranks as one of the ablest debaters in the senate. Cambridge is to be congratulated that the senator has consented to serve another year, and when his term of office closes on Beacon Hill his steps will undoubtedly be turned into wider spheres of usefulness, bringing larger opportunities and increasing responsibilities. We feel sure that whatever position he is called to fill he will always exhibit the same firmness, candor and spirit of fairness which has characterized his past official life.

Every one should be so much of a philosopher that he can wisely make the most of his vacation.

JOSEPH VAN NESS.

Well-known Publisher of Leather Journal Dies in East Lexington—Was Victim in Accident at Winter Hill Two Years Ago.

After spending two years in travel for his health, Joseph Van Ness returned to his home, the "Fieldstone," on Pleasant street, East Lexington, last Saturday, and died Monday morning. The funeral was Friday.

Mr. Van Ness, publisher of the Superintendent and Foreman, a technical shoe trade journal, was widely known throughout the country, and especially in shoe leather circles, where he had hosts of friends. He was born at Andover, December 13, 1846, but when very young was taken west by his parents, and he began to show an aptitude for books and a love for nature which remained with him through his life. He attended the University of Illinois for a time, but later came east and took the course at Cornell, from which college he graduated with high honors in 1878. When he left college his health was greatly impaired, and he spent four years in travel. During this time he wrote a series of papers on the "Irrigating system of the west," which were printed by a Denver daily, and which gave the author considerable distinction.

He became identified with newspaper work in Colorado for a number of years, and later with the Shoe and Leather Review of Chicago. He came to Boston about 20 years ago, and there was employed on the Shoe and Leather Review. He went into the general advertising business for himself about 15 years ago, and in 1896 founded the trade journal which he has so skillfully managed. In the spring of 1898 he was crushed in the railroad accident at Winter Hill, two ribs were broken and his chest compressed in the wreck, so that, upon his partial recovery from the injuries, he was left with a cough which caused his decline. He never regained his health, and for two years has been obliged to travel in the south, in Mexico and California, where it was hoped he would improve. For a few weeks he has been at Evanston, Ill., but wishing to see his home again, he was brought to East Lexington, Saturday. The beautiful house and grounds known as the "Fieldstone" has been his home for seven years, moving there from Boston.

Mr. Van Ness was married to Miss Sarah Bowman, who still survives him. He was a member of the Magnolia Fish and Game club and the Appalachian Mountain club.

The funeral yesterday was largely attended, and was conducted by Rev. Carleton A. Staples, of Lexington. The Schubert quartet sang several selections. The bearers were Hon. George Baxter, of Boston, a Cornell classmate; Charles Jeffries, of Swampscott, a classmate in the University of Illinois; William L. Kelt and George Ernest Bowman, of Boston, and Superintendent Rogers and Demming of the deceased's Boston leather journal. Interment was in the old Lexington cemetery.

One of Mr. Van Ness's business associates says of him: "He was truly a deep thinker, and a natural student. He rose to his high position by his strict thoroughness and honesty."

KILLED BY A FALL.

William Connors, of 44 Beacon street, Arlington, was killed by a fall from a wagon, Monday morning, while attempting to rope securely a load of manure he was about to take away. He was engaged as a teamster by W. W. Rawson, of Arlington, and had gone to Boston at an early hour. The wagon was loaded and Connors tried to fasten it securely in the usual way. He was standing on the wagon seat, which was well up in the air, and was tugging at the rope, when suddenly it gave way, and he was dropped to the ground. He struck on his back with his head with crushing force and was unconscious from that time. He was removed to the Boston City Hospital where it was found that the spine was fractured. The victim died during the day, and after the body was viewed by the medical examiner it was taken to Arlington. The deceased was 43 years old, and leaves a wife, formerly Miss Mary Mulcahy, and four small children. The funeral services were Thursday at St. Agnes' church at 9 o'clock. A requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. A. S. Malone. Appropriate music was rendered by the choir, under the direction of Miss Lucy J. Butler. The pallbearers were James Quinlan, Patrick Hickey, James Hoar, Daniel Hoar, David Shiley, John Shiley, Jeremiah Shiley and David Collins. The interment was at Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

THE CODY FUND.

Contributions have continued to pour in for the Cody fund which was started last week Wednesday by Arlington people to show to the family of the deceased police officer their sympathy and esteem. It was requested by Mrs. Cody that the papers be restrained from circulation, for although she highly appreciates the motives of the subscribers to the fund, she preferred there would be no further soliciting. There has been then since last week subscriptions turned into the fund without any solicitation whatever.

In the list published last week, a number of the contributors were recorded as giving to the Cody fund. This, while correct in the main, conveyed a wrong impression to the general public. These contributors subscribed their money to the petition when it called for flowers for the funeral, and when it was changed to the Cody fund, but few of them were given an opportunity to increase their subscriptions, which many of them were anxious to do. They have since done so to a considerable degree. The total amount subscribed up to last evening was about \$300, but the exact figures could not be procured as the papers are not all together.

TRIES TO APPEAR COOL.

John G. Smith, the Slayer of Officer Cody to be Tried July 25—Request for Continuance Granted—The Court Thursday.

The case of John G. Smith, charged with killing Officer Garrett J. Cody, of Arlington, has been continued in the third district court at Cambridge until July 25. At that time the preliminary hearing will undoubtedly be held. The case came up Thursday, but Clement G. Morgan, counsel for the defendant, asked for a continuance, and it was granted.

There was an interested and expectant crowd of spectators in the court room long before the case was called up, and the witnesses for the government having been summoned by Chief of Police Harriman, were ready to proceed with their testimony. The wife of the defendant was in the court room, and other of his relatives were there to cheer him by their presence. Judge Almy was on the bench.

When Smith was brought into the court room, securely handcuffed to Deputy Wardwell, there was perfect silence in the room, and all eyes were on the principal in one of the tragedies which has caused all Arlington to mourn. The prisoner did not look to the right nor left until he reached the prisoners' dock, and then, after the handcuffs were removed, he gradually nerved himself to a casual glance about him. Smith was dressed differently than he was at his first appearance in the court room when he wore his old working clothes. This time he was arrayed in his best, and with his dark-colored suit, white collar and black tie, he was certainly more presentable than when he was in the dock a week before. He was not at ease, however, for he would continually shift about in his seat and nervously twirl his fingers, although he



JOHN G. SMITH,
Who Shot and Killed Police Officer Cody,
of Arlington.

evidently tried his best to look cool and collected. But few more powerful looking prisoners ever were seen in the court room than Smith. His tall figure and his massive frame made him appear like a giant when he arose when addressed by the court. His arms seem to be twice the size of those of the average man, and his head is large and round. He is not so dark-complected as the average negro, but his countenance is that of the typical southern colored man.

He did not speak a word in the dock or out of it while in the court room, except once or twice when he conversed in whispers with his attorney, Mr. Morgan, who is also colored. Before his case was called, Attorney Morgan and Chief of Police Harriman had a long conference with the judge, the former asking for a continuance and the latter using a mild form of hearing July 25. Smith then came to the court. Mr. Morgan said he had not had time enough to become thoroughly acquainted with the case, and he believed the charge was so grave a consequence. He asked for a continuance for a short period. Judge Almy agreed to this point, and suggested two weeks as a suitable time for the case to again come up. His was declared satisfactory to Mr. Harriman if a continuance at all was thought necessary, and the matter then rested for a time. The formal announcement of the continuance was made, and the dock had been cleared of other prisoners.

Judge Almy then turned about, and, addressing Smith, who arose, informed him that his case would come up again for a hearing July 25. Smith then took his seat, but in a moment the deputy had beckoned to him, and the two, this time not handcuffed, passed out of the court room. As they did so, Smith looked over to his wife, smiled and gave a slight wave of the hand. Then there was a stampede for the door by the colored spectators and some of the white former appear to believe Smith the victim of circumstances, and declare he is a good man at heart, and would not harm anyone willfully. They remained outside the court house to discuss the phases of the case for some time.

It is said that since Smith has been in his cell he has had several fits, and has injured himself in some instances. It is also asserted that he is now in a padded cell in order to prevent his being injured by accident or by his own hands. Some of the officers claim this is a pretense of Smith's to gain the sympathy of the court.

OFFICER ROBERT H. FALL.

Robert H. Fall has been appointed patrolman by the Arlington board of selectmen to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Officer Garrett J. Cody. Although there were several candidates for the position, Mr. Fall, who has been a special for some time, was an easy winner. The new officer is an Arlington boy, having been born here Aug. 6, 1872. He attended the Russell school and the Arlington high. He held the position of coachman for one year, and was then given a position on the Boston Elevated street railway in whose employ he has been for six years, and nearly all the while has run as conductor on the night car. He left the company's employ Nov. 24 of last year. He has been in New Hampshire since then, but returned here in the spring. For the past three years he has been a special officer, and was not long ago appointed a member of hose 2, a position he will now reluctantly resign. He is a member of Division 43, A. O. H. of a Cambridge lodge of Foresters of America, of the Arlington Veteran Firemen's association, and of the North Cambridge Athletic club. He will travel the best formerly covered by Officer Daniel M. Hooley, who has been promoted to day man, and who takes the place of the late Officer Cody.

ARLINGTON'S TAX RATE.

The assessors have determined the tax rate for the town this year to be \$18.90 on a thousand dollars. This is an increase of nine cents over the rate of last year, and no doubt there will be some hard feelings when the tax collector sends out his bills. The advantage derived from an increase in valuation is more than offset by an extra amount of money to be expended.

LOVE AND DUTY.

Shall selfish love, with autocratic mien
Or gentle recollection, bid thee come
To seek new happiness beyond thy home
And duty's call? Transfixed and mute, between
A mass of hopes and fears, thou stand'st, my
queen,
Gazing with bliss upon the promised land,
The realization of life's sweetest dream,
Yet art returning to the task at hand.
The confines of the realm where duty dwells
Allegiance owe to love, who must be king.
Mild is his reign when his faithfulness impels,
And joy abundant from his edicts spring.
Whist duty makes response to every claim,
Love without sacrifice were but a name.
—J. A. B. in Boston Transcript.

THE GIRL
HE MARRIED
IN SECRET.

Along a dreary country road, which
was half buried in the mud and slush of
a warm winter, a young woman hobbled,
so faintly and with such evident difficulty
that it seemed every moment as if her
worn frame would collapse and she
would sink to the ground, never to rise
again. She was poorly but neatly clad,
and a casual glance would not have sug-
gested extreme poverty, but a second look
at the hollow, wasted cheeks, the wild
eyes, the shaking hands, indicated only
too clearly the demon of hunger and utter
exhaustion.

She was ill, sick almost to death, but
with her chin slightly poised in the air,
with a kind of dumb resolution to strug-
gle forward somewhere, she half clung to
a low wooden fence which ran along by
the public road. It seemed as if she had
exhausted her little stock of endurance.
Where she had come from, where she
was going, she had almost forgotten.
She was conscious of a dull, gnawing
pain, which was hunger, or, at any rate,
an intense longing for food, without the
pleasure of appetite, and an overmaster-
ing desire to lie down and sleep.

Presently the dull crunch of carriage
wheels and the dull thud of a pair of high
stepping horses were heard on the road,
but the lonely woman seemed not to hear.
In the course of the day she had encoun-
tered hundreds of wayfarers, but not one
had noticed her plight, or, at any rate,
offered to help. Some had glanced at her
almost with repulsion; others had not ap-
peared even to see her, being so wrapped
up in their own affairs. Consequently
she had long since ceased to indulge in a
vain hope of meeting with sympathy.

This carriage caught her up as others
had done. It contained a young lady of
about the same age perhaps as herself,
who was dressed in furs and sat up
straight in her carriage, the very type of
unbending aristocratic pride. The car-
riage passed her as all the others had
done, and the occupant glanced round at
the bent figure on the path, panting, tot-
tering, stumbling along. Then a clear,
harsh voice said "Stop!"

That one word made all the difference.
It was only spoken in an impulse, half
of kindness, half of curiosity, but no human
being will ever know how much influence
it had upon more than one life. The
lady alighted from the carriage and picked
her way carefully and faintly through the
mud, with her petticoats lifted so as to
avoid all possibility of contamination,
and stood by the girl's side. "Where are
you going, my good woman?" she inquired,
somewhat severely.

In reply the young woman looked at
her with lackluster eyes. Her senses
were numbed, and she could find no an-
swer. Where was she going? How could
she tell? The only ideas her mind re-
tained were "food," "sleep," "rest."

Mrs. Stanton frowned. Evidently the
creature had been drinking, and she half
turned away in disgust. A second thought
prompted her, however, to try again.
"Can I do anything for you?" she asked.
"I feel bad," said the girl in a low
voice, and she clung to the fence a little
tighter.

A frown appeared on Mrs. Stanton's
face.

"Are you trying to get to Stowbridge?"
she asked.

The girl nodded. She had no idea
where Stowbridge was, but it would
serve as well as any other place.

The footman had jumped off his seat
and stood by his mistress' side. "Stow-
bridge is seven miles away, is it not?"
inquired Mrs. Stanton.

"Yes, ma'am," said the man, touching
his hat.

"I'm afraid you will scarcely be able
to reach the town," she said in perplexity,
turning to the girl. In reply she gave a
short gasp and sank to the ground in a
heap. This seemed, on the whole, to
prove the truth of Mrs. Stanton's words,
and she looked more perplexed than ever.
There was perhaps half a minute's sil-
ence; then she said, "Help me put her in
the carriage."

The man seemed to be surprised, for no
one knew better than her servants Mrs.
Stanton's cold, unemotional nature. That
she should deliberately pick up an un-
known wanderer and take her into her
carriage was almost as surprising as if
he had been invited to ride there him-
self. He had not yet learned that a cold,
reserved man does not always bespeak
lack of feeling.

Together they lifted the semiconscious
girl into the luxurious victoria. Mrs.
Stanton took her seat, and the footman
stood waiting for instructions.

"Where to, ma'am?" he asked.
"Home," came the answer in a quick,
clear voice.

He touched his hat again and tried not
to look surprised.

"Rummy go, isn't it?" he whispered to
the coachman.

"The rummiest go I ever saw," said
that functionary gravely.

"Ow do you account for it?" whis-
pered the footman, as if he were discussing
a new form of influenza.

"Don't know, I'm sure. I've noticed a
wonderful change ever since the captain
went to the war. Seems as if the missis
had got a bit more humanlike."

"First time she's known trouble, I sup-
pose."

"That's it," said the coachman philo-
sophically, "and trouble does people a
power of good. Makes the heart beat
faster."

A few minutes later and the carriage
swept up the handsome avenue that led
to Newark house.

Mrs. Stanton's orders were, as usual,
both prompt and decided. The house-
keeper was to see the young woman put
comfortably to bed. She herself fetched
brandy for her. The footman was to ride
off for Dr. Langfield and if possible bring
him back.

All this was carried out with the swift-

ness that money can procure. The doc-
tor, after visiting his queer patient, who
had not spoken a word since being in-
stalled in her comfortable quarters, pursed
his lips curiously. "This young woman
is very ill, Mrs. Stanton," he said. "I
recommend you to send her to the work-
house at once."

Mrs. Stanton frowned slightly. "Would
it be safe to move her?" she asked.

"Well—er—hardly," said the medical
man, "but if you don't get rid of her you
may have her on your hands for a month
or two."

For a moment Mrs. Stanton hesitated.
"I cannot help it," she said, with sudden
decision. Here she is, and here she must
remain."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders and
smiled cynically. "You know nothing
about her, my dear Mrs. Stanton," he
said. "Isn't it rather eccentric to take
a strange woman from the road into your
house like this? Why do you do it?"

"I hardly know," said Mrs. Stanton.

"Perhaps it was a mad impulse; perhaps
it was an inspiration. I was wondering
what Fred was doing now, whether he
was in any danger. Then I began to
hum the 'Absentminded Beggar,' and—
now, don't laugh, doctor, because I feel
very serious about it—just as I got to
the line, 'The girl he married secret,' my
eyes fell on that poor creature, and I
thought to myself, Suppose she is the
wife of some poor soldier and isn't on
the strength of the regiment, and some-
how—I couldn't help bringing her home."

The doctor looked rather amused, but
when Mrs. Stanton suddenly burst into
tears he pronounced it hysteria and recom-
mended port wine and quinine.

However, the unknown wanderer was
tenderly nursed and cared for, and a few
weeks later another little life was born
into the world and with much difficulty
nourished and coaxed into active exist-
ence.

Then at last the white faced woman
told her story.

She was, in fact, the wife of a soldier,
and in dumb faithfulness, which was fool-
ish and pathetic enough, she had believed
she ought to keep her marriage secret
until Private John Little claimed her be-
fore all the world. To be sure, the poor
creature could have had help from some
of the public charities, but she was too
ignorant and timid and perhaps too proud
to ask. So she staggered out into the
world with her sad burden to live or die,
as Providence directed, for Mr. John Little
had gone off joyfully enough to the
war without realizing the misery he had
left behind him, an "absentminded beg-
gar," if you like, but he was "doing his
country's work," and "it ain't the time
for sermons."

A few weeks later came the full partic-
ulars of a battle, and the two women
read them together. For the details of
the battle they cared little. There was
one paragraph that in their eyes swal-
lowed up everything.

"Recommended for promotion," it ran,
with military brevity, "Private John Little
of the East Surrey for saving the life
of Captain Fred Stanton, field artillery.
Advancing under a heavy fire, Little pick-
ed up Captain Stanton, who was severely
wounded, and carried him to a place of
safety."

The two women looked at each other in
speechless wonder.

"What was the date, ma'am, of the
battle?" asked the young mother, with a
sudden light in her eyes.

"The 15th of December," said Mrs.
Stanton, trembling with sudden excite-
ment, "the very day that I brought you
here, and"—after a moment's thought—"it
happened at almost exactly the same time."

"An there's some as says there ain't no
Gawd," said the woman under her breath.

"I reckon he see what my Jack done, an
then he remembered the gal as he'd mar-
ried secret."

Then the two women, the high born
and the low born, mingled their tears
and their prayers. But the doctor de-
scribed it as an "extremely odd coinci-
dence."—Modern Society.

Justice Brewer's Early Hours.

"For many years I have been getting
up at 4 o'clock in the morning," said Jus-
tice Brewer when the conversation gave
room for an inquiry about his methods of
work. "Lately the hour has been 5
o'clock, for I find I enjoy taking more
sleep. My retiring hour at night is usu-
ally about 10 o'clock."

When some surprise was expressed at
this early rising, he added: "I began that
when I lived in Kansas. As a young
judge I was very ambitious, and at night
I found myself dreaming over the cases
I had tried during the preceding day. I
did not rest well, and this troubled me so
much that I consulted a physician, an old
friend of mine. He advised me to drop
all work in the evening. In those days
we had dinner at noon and a light meal,
our supper, toward midnight. I was to
go out in the evening with my wife, at-
tend the theater, play cards or go to par-
ties, but forget the law. Then I might
get up as early in the morning as I pleased."

"I followed his advice and gradually ac-
quired the habit of rising at 4 o'clock. I
began to sleep soundly and without
dreaming of anything so far as I could
tell. I got up in the morning with a clear
head and was able to do two or three
hours of good work before breakfast. I
have followed that practice ever since.
I know many people do their best work
in the night, but my best hours are in the
early morning."—Topeka State Journal.

Primroses in Covent Garden.

One of the greatest days in Covent
Garden is that on which the primroses
first come. They are tied up in ungrace-
ful little bundles just big enough to form
a buttonhole, and a dozen may cost you
anywhere from eightpence to a shilling.
Thus massed, they make a respectable
show. And there is one strange thing
about primroses—you may go homeward
along the Strand laden with roses, daf-
fodils or lilies or even carrying a tall
lily in a pot, and none of the workmen
you pass will say a word or even seem to
look at you. But it is different with prim-
roses. If you have these, they all look
and are interested. They all make some
such remark as, "The spring cannot be
far off now that the primroses have
come." Very likely one of them will stop
and, after a brief apology, ask you if the
flowers are fairly cheap, and the odds are
then that you give him one of the little
bunches and are most gratefully thanked.
—Chambers' Journal.

Neatly Turned.

Aunt (severely)—As I glanced into the
parlor last evening I saw you with Mr.
Hinks' arm round you.

Niece (calmly)—Yes, aunt, I was wait-
ing for you to pass the door and see us.

Young men are very slippery nowadays,
and one can't have too many witnesses.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



SIMPLE SIMON HAS A TRAY OF PIES—WHERE IS THE PIEMAN?

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20 " " " " " "	50
25 " " " " " "	60
25 " " " at one delivery	10
50 " " " " " "	15
100 " " " " " "	25
200 " to 500 lbs. at one delivery.	20 per cwt.
500 " and upwards	15

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Saturday evenings from 7 to 8.30.

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Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday in
each month.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Hiram Lodge.

Meets in Masonic hall, corner Massa-
chusetts avenue and Medford street,
Thursday on or before the full moon.

Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter.

Meets third Tuesday of each month in
Masonic hall.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12.

Meets in Odd Fellows hall, Bank build-
ing, every Wednesday evening, at 8.

Ida F. Butler Rebekah Lodge, No. 152.

Meets first and third Monday evenings
of each month in Bethel lodge room.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Circle Lodge, No. 71.

Meets first and third Fridays of each
month in Grand Army hall, Massachu-
setts avenue, at 8 p.m.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

No. 109.

Meets second and fourth Thursdays of
each month in K. of C. hall, over Shat-
tuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Menotomy Council, No. 1781.

Meets first and third Tuesdays of each
month in Grand Army hall, 370 Massa-
chusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and
fourth Tuesdays of each month in
Grand Army of the Republic.

Francis Gould Post, No. 36.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts
avenue, second and fourth Thursdays
of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 43.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts
avenue, second and fourth Thursday af-
ternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Camp 46.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third
Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock
p.m.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple
street, second and fourth Tuesdays
of each month.

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Division 23.

Meets in Hibernian hall, corner Myrtle
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third Mondays of each month.

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1 to 6 p.m.; Wednesdays, 10 to 12 a.m.,
1 to 9 p.m.; book room, 1 to 9 p.m.; Sat-
urdays, 10 to 12 a.m., 1 to 9 p.m.; book
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urdays only, during the month of Aug-
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month, for approval of bills. Regular
meetings each Saturday evening.

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7 to 9 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m.
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Board of health, on call of chairman.

Engineers fire department, Saturday
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ing, monthly.

Sewer commissioners, on call of chair-
man.

Trustees of cemetery, on call of chair-
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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 14.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. iii, 1-15. Memory Verses, 14, 15—Golden Text, Rom. v, 20—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1901, by American Press Association.]

1-5. This is our introduction to the great enemy of God and man, that old serpent, the devil and satan (Rev. xii, 9; xi, 2), the prince of this world, the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience (John xiv, 30; Eph. ii, 2). He would come between God and man, he would break up their fellowship and rob man of his inheritance, and to do this he comes in the guise of a friend, using the wisest and perhaps the fairest of all the beasts of the field as his medium, for it is evident from verse 14 that it was something new, and the result of the curse, for the serpent to go upon his belly and eat dust. From this chapter to Rev. xx we see the devil in conflict with God and man, yet tolerated by God until the time shall come to put him in the pit and later in the place prepared for him—the lake of fire. We are taught to resist him, to give him no place, to stand against him (1 Pet. v, 8, 9; Eph. iv, 27; vi, 11), but we cannot well do this if we are ignorant of his devices. Therefore we are here and elsewhere made acquainted with him and his ways that we may recognize him and resist him and overcome him with the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit even as our Lord Himself did in the wilderness. In his first recorded utterance, "Yea, hath God said?" we see that he questions the word of God, and when any one from that day to this questions the word of God he is for the time being in the service of the devil. He questions the love of God, suggesting to the woman that if God loved them He would not keep from them even the fruit of one tree.

6-8. In the company of and listening to the adversary the woman quickly becomes deceived and blinded and led astray. She adds to the word of God verse 3, and actually seems to think that her evil counselor is right and God is wrong, and she desires the fruit which now seems to her so pleasant, and she took it and ate it and gave it also to her husband, and he ate it. Thus by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin and by the disobedience of one man many were made sinners (Rom. v, 12, 19). Their fellowship with God was broken, they were afraid of Him and sought to hide from Him, they lost their glorious garments of light and made for themselves a substitute aprons of fig leaves. As to their being clothed with light, they were made in the image of God, and Ps. civ, 2, says that God covers Himself with light as with a garment. This does not conflict with Gen. ii, 25, for as to putting on clothes they were naked. How seemingly small, but how great and far-reaching, their sin, affecting all mankind, for "in Adam all die" (1 Cor. xv, 22).

9. "And the Lord God called unto Adam and said unto him, Where art thou?" The first recorded question of God in Scripture shows Him to us seeking the lost that He may forgive and restore them. It was evidently His custom to walk and talk familiarly with Adam and Eve in Eden, but a change came over man because of sin, and we have the sad and sorrowful sight of the creature seeking to hide from his loving Creator. Man's sin only makes more manifest the love and loveliness of God, and we see Him who afterward came to earth as God manifest in the flesh to seek and save the lost (for every manifestation of God is through His Son, John i, 18), lovingly seeking His erring ones. He is still doing this, and His question to each one still is, Where art thou? Happy are those who can gratefully reply, In Christ, redeemed by His precious blood.

10-19. The man, the woman and the serpent each are brought before Him, and He pronounces judgment upon the serpent, the woman and the man, but in His word to the serpent He tells of a coming deliverer. In this verse (15) we have the new birth (enmity with the devil), the conflict between the unrighteous and the righteous (thy seed and her seed), the humanity of the Saviour (the seed of the woman), His sufferings (thou shalt bruise His heel), His divinity and glorious victory (He shall bruise thy head)—at least a fivefold abundant statement of the great redemption. In the sentence upon Adam the earth is included, and thorns and thistles grow as a result of the curse. Thus the creation was made subject to vanity not willingly; it had no voice nor choice in the matter, and it shall yet be delivered and made to rejoice in the liberty of the glory of the children of God (Rom. viii, 20, 21), for our Lord wore a crown of thorns, and the curse shall in due time be removed from the earth (Rev. xxii, 3). As a result of the work of Christ the whole earth shall yet be filled with righteousness and peace and the glory of the Lord (Num. xiv, 21; Isa. xi, 9; Hab. ii, 14; Isa. xxxiii, 1, 17). If we would see and share this glory, we must be able to say from the heart at least the first four clauses of Isa. lxi, 10, and we cannot do this unless we see the significance of verse 21 of this Gen. iii and profit by it. See then the Lord God with His own hand, by the shedding of the blood of the sacrifice, providing redemption clothing for Adam and Eve typical of the garments of salvation which He has provided for us by His great sacrifice, taking our place and dying in our stead. Adam and Eve, with their fig leaf aprons, represent all sinners in their sins, having nothing but their own morality, if any, or fancied righteousness, which if they cling to are like those in Rom. x, 3. The Lord God Himself without any help from mortals provides the righteousness He demands and offers it freely to all who are willing to drop their fig leaf aprons (Rom. iii, 24; viii, 1; x, 4). Eden was preserved after man was driven from it, and we have every reason to believe that it continued till the deluge. The flaming sword points on to Zech. xiii, 7, and to Golgotha, where the sword was satisfied and the way opened to enter paradise. The cherubim tell of the future glory of the redeemed when the whole earth shall be an Eden. See their song in Rev. v, 9, 10. Since Adam was driven from Eden no one has been born in Eden, and the only way into it is by Him against whom the two religions set forth in Cain and Abel—man's way of self righteousness and bringing what he calls his best and God's way of putting away sin by sacrifice, which latter way Abel accepted (Heb. ix, 22; xi, 4).

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THE MOTIVE POWER.

Not he who hews the tree with well aimed ax,
Not he who tunnels through the stubborn stone,
Not he who boasts the mettle of Ajax
Nor, Zeuslike, hurls thunder from a throne,
But he who stoops to watch the daisy grow,
Who seeks the sap within the sapling's sheath,
And he who learns by force of mind to know
The marvels of the universe beneath.

Not he who rests upon the glory won,
Not he who sighs to have his life work through,
But who, in the midst of what is done,
Impatient stands for what is still to do.
—Montrose J. Moore in Success.

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Not he who tunnels through the stubborn stone,
Not he who boasts the mettle of Ajax
Nor, Zeuslike, hurls thunder from a throne,
But he who stoops to watch the daisy grow,
Who seeks the sap within the sapling's sheath,
And he who learns by force of mind to know
The marvels of the universe beneath.

Not he who rests upon the glory won,
Not he who sighs to have his life work through,
But who, in the midst of what is done,
Impatient stands for what is still to do.
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THE ENTERPRISE.

WILSON PALMER, . . . Editor.
Telephone 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter]

Saturday, July 13, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN ARLINGTON BY:

Arlington News Co., Postoffice Bldg.,
Arlington.
Frank R. Daniels, 606 Mass. avenue,
Arlington.
Mrs. Margaret Deane, 55 Park avenue,
Heights.
H. P. Longley, Elevated waiting room,
Heights.
J. C. McDonald, L. & B. waiting room,
Heights.
Edward I. McKenzie, B. & M. station,
Heights.

O, FOR A HALF HOUR!

O, for a half hour in Robbins library! You can hardly imagine, dear reader, how we miss the welcome of those instructive books and magazines. True it is that "blessings brighten as they take their flight." We had thought when at home in Arlington that we were much in love with Robbins library and that we appreciated her to the full, but now a hundred and twenty-five miles away from this mistress of learning, we are persuaded that we have not loved her half enough, nor appreciated as we ought to have done. "Books, lighthouses in the great sea of time," must be our guide or otherwise we shall be wrecked upon the shallows. Whatever may be true of other departments of life, journalism can never prove itself the instructive power it should prove itself without access to our public libraries. No living man or woman can write well who has not first read well. It is a condition precedent that to say anything one must first have something to say. To feed others, one must first have been fed himself. To become the schoolmaster one must first have graduated as a pupil from the schools. Arlington is especially fortunate in having free access to Robbins library. Let her make the most of it.

JOHN FISKE.

In the death of John Fiske not only this country but the world as well loses one of its most prominent and ripest scholars. Harvard university, already distinguished, became pre-eminent so through the scholarly life of John Fiske. As a historian John Fiske stood at the very head and front in the world of historical research. But he was also eminent authority upon all questions of philosophy and evolution. He did much to join science and religion hand in hand. Something of a genius, for in his teens he became widely known as a writer, and yet his success over and above others was largely due to his indefatigable spirit of industry. He was not afraid of work, and this the hardest and most persistent. In all his profound research John Fiske evinced an enthusiasm which knew no limits. He ransacked the libraries that he might gain the best thought and experience of others. He made use of every available means which he could hunt out with his searching eye. He left nothing undone that could be done for the further establishment of truth. When such a man dies the world is the loser—and yet such a man as John Fiske can never die, for he has rightfully earned that immortality which conquers death and the grave. His life adds another star of the first magnitude to our intellectual firmament.

THAT TIN DIPPER.

Who of the older persons does not remember that old tin dipper used years ago in the district country school in which the cool, refreshing water was passed to the school children who were always thirsty? Well, we who live in our mountain home are reminded daily of that tin dipper up in "district No. 4," from which we and other happy school boys and girls used to take genuine draughts of nature's beverage, for on our way to the post office, four miles distant, we pass by the roadside a living spring of water, where is a trough for the beast of burden, and alongside of which hangs a tin dipper for men, women and children who may pass that way. We never go by this pure, bubbling spring without accepting its melodious invitation "to have a drink." We always fill the old tin dipper which has hung for so many years long side this roadside spring, to its very brim, and then with a heart full of thanksgiving and praise we drain it to the very bottom. And we do not in any instance forget the noble horse who so faithfully takes us each day to the post office with mail for the Enterprise and for individual friends—so with head unchecked our noble animal plunges in nostril deep and drinks in unstinted measure. We are singing this morning in memory of the old tin dipper, and the watering trough along the roadside where man and beast may have their fill. "Help yourself" is always nature's invitation.

THE LAW OF ASSOCIATION.

The law of association has no value only as we give it individually. The old home, for instance, which we all love so dearly, is only made precious to the memory because it represents the lives of a sainted father and mother, and those of brothers and sisters many of whom have "gone on before."

It is only a few days ago that a gentleman said to us, "I would not take untold money for this can I carry, for it is the very same stick which supported the decaying years of my dear father." Go to the homes of Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant and other of our distinguished writers and you will find their studies much as they left them—the pen all ready to be dipped in the very ink which has immortalized their names. This law of association has for its unit of measurement the human mind.

Whatever men, women and children

A DAY ALONG THE NORTH SHORE

The stanch-seagoing propeller steamer, "CITY OF FITCHBURG,"
Captain FRANK C. CATES,
Will, until further notice, make daily trips to Portsmouth, N. H., giving passengers a fine view of the magnificent scenery along the coast, passing the Isles of Shoals, Kittery Navy Yard and other points of interest, making a delightful way to spend the day.
Single fare 75 cents; round trip, \$1.25; children, half fare. Finely appointed staterooms and meals furnished. Steamer leaves Boston 8.15 a. m.; leaves Portsmouth 3 p. m.; arrives Boston 9.30 p. m. For freight or passage apply to Boston and Maine Steamship Co., H. WHITTIER, General Agent, Pier 1, Lewis wharf.

breathe upon must live forevermore. The cradle is put away only to be held in sacred trust, in sweet and loving memory of the infant that has slept therein. The very ground that our departed friends have walked has become consecrated, and we all love to revisit the places that once knew their presence. This law of association is none other than that which brings the two eternities together and makes them one and the same NOW.

The human family from its first Adam to the latest generation that shall come into life, can never get apart so long as this universal law shall prevail; and, thank God, it will always prevail.

QUICK TO RESPOND.

Arlington is always quick to respond to all that is praiseworthy and generous. The voluntary subscriptions that have been and are now being made for the benefit of Mrs. Cody, the bereaved widow of Garrett J. Cody, and her children, speak volumes for the heart and soul of Arlington. Arlington has always been distinguished for her spirit of "live and let live." A neighborly feeling pervades the whole town. Whatever differences may arise among her people in a religious or in a political way, these differences are all reduced to the cipher point in times of distress and dire affliction. It is a beautiful thought that Mrs. Cody and her five children have in this hour of their calamity, the whole town of Arlington back of them, with its deepest sympathy and its most substantial aid. And in all this good and philanthropic work Arlington is to receive by a well-established scriptural law the chiefest blessing. However absurd and contradictory it may seem at first sight, yet it is forever true that he who gives will and must receive all the more abundantly. It is a law of all Nature as well as God's eternal decree, that for one to receive he must first give. This life of ours thrives the most on the law of apparent contrasts. He who would find his life must first lose it. Bread scattered upon the waters will return after many days. Our individual lives are so intertwined each with the other that we cannot live by ourselves alone. The moment we attempt so to do, we must die. And this is the reason why there are so many dead men walking up and down the earth, simply because they are living by and for themselves alone. God bless Arlington, and may He richly bless Mrs. Cody and those dear fatherless children. And all this He will do, for He has promised it.

ARCHBISHOP KEANE IS RIGHT.

Archbishop Keane is right when he declares that the shirtwaist is a cool, comfortable and decent garment, and fit and proper to be worn at church by laymen if they so desire. And now we ask why come these frequent objections to the shirtwaist? It comes from no other reason than that so many of our immaculate (?) humanity stoutly declare that these bodies of ours are vile creations and need to be buried deep in covering so that if possible, no faint outline even of the human form may be seen. We are disgusted and well-nigh tired to death of this sham and meaningless talk of these "vile bodies" of ours. There is nothing vile about them. They came from the hands of an infinite creator who is the embodiment of all purity and of all virtue. These bodies of ours are the creations of a divine artist who can in no way make a mistake in symmetry and proportion. There is nothing so exquisitely delicate and beautiful in the whole world of nature as is the human form, and that man or woman is to be pitied who cannot look upon its symmetrical outline with all that admiration which everywhere accompanies the pure and the beautiful. Let us have done with this pretentious underrating of the body. This material organization of ours is an important factor in the trinity of life. We are not all heart nor all soul, nor all body, but we are important parts of each, so that it is quite impossible to ignore or belittle the one without doing infinite injury to the other two. Let us be sensible and so recognize these bodies of ours "as fit temples of the living God," and let us teach our children this stupendous and fortunate fact. One may very properly go in a shirtwaist or in his shirt sleeves during the warmer months without doing violence to good taste or without doing violence to that virtue which is or should be the pride of men and women everywhere. Let us thank God that we have these bodies of ours, and never let us be ashamed of them. Speak aloud of them, and never in whispers. That man and woman too need to veil their faces who will hesitate to speak of the human body as of the divinest origin, with the divinest of purposes. We need not trouble ourselves so much about the shirtwaist, as we do about the wrong and vulgar definition we give to the body. This body of ours has always been misrepresented, and ill-defined from Adam's time to our own day. It is nevertheless one of the trinity of life, and God so ordained it from the beginning.

"EARLY CANDLE LIGHT."

That good man, the clergyman, used to give out occasionally the following notice on a Sunday when we were a boy in our country home: "There will be an evening meeting in the school house in district No. 4." Services to begin at "early candle-light." Now this compound term, "early candle-light," means much to us. In the first place it is pleasantly reminiscent. It points backward to those days when life was characterized by an entire simplicity. It means the home gathering of the family during those long winter evenings, around the domestic fireside. It tells of those earlier years when the country district school was emphatically the poor man's college. "Early candle-light" is in every way eloquent of our intensely home life. How vividly we can now see after all these years the candle early lighted in the homes up and down that country road, shining out a twinkling star from distances more or less remote. In those days the gas and electric light did not illuminate so that all things were revealed at first sight. The dim shadows thrown out in an obscure way by the tallow candle always gave us an added interest in the evening at home. By its light we were able to trace out upon wall and ceiling many a picture which had about it all the sentiment and poetry of the partially revealed. In those half hidden corners of the sitting room we could let our imagination play at will. At the imminent risk of being called an old fogey, we do insist that the older times were in many ways preferable to these later days. Fifty years ago men and women came into more vital touch with one another than now. In those days to which we refer each one was to a greater or less extent dependent upon the other. It isn't

true that "he who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," provided the borrowing is done in good faith. There is much philosophy in that cordial and frank acknowledgment of dependency which borrows of a neighbor. Friends, and real friends, too, have been made enemies by this borrowing each of the other. To help one another is always a bond of friendship. But in these days of greater wealth men and women have become so independent that comparatively in a large way they neither borrow nor lend, and the condition in social life is altogether unfortunate.

Great wealth has the tendency to drive apart, while a comfortable competency attracts and makes more nearly a unit of the country neighborhood. "Early candle-light" means a democracy where all have equal rights and privileges. We not only have a profound respect, but lots of love for the tallow candle, and so, naturally enough, "early candle-light" has for us its pleasant and inviting attractions. We have come to believe that the verse, "There's a light in the window for me," when rightly translated means the candle lighted and set for the wandering boy. "Early candle-light" calls us all home.

ARLINGTON IN PERSPECTIVE.

To see any object already clearly defined one must see it in perspective. The whole cannot be estimated only as its parts are taken into the reckoning, and by reason of this mathematical fact history alone sets the right value on men and things. Distance is by an inevitable law an important factor in finding the value of the unknown quantity. More than a hundred miles from Arlington, as we are at this writing, we can see her more nearly as she is. We have no little love for the town which is our abiding home. We have written over and over again of her delightful situation, of her varied and picturesque scenery, of her excellent schools and churches, of her pleasant homes and of her intelligent and generous people. Arlington is not slow to move in any good cause, and yet there are certain improvements for which she is yet to provide. We have written in previous issues of the Enterprise of the comparative demand for a park or common right in the centre of the town. As now arranged, there is not a single spot of earth at the centre of the town where one may loiter or sit for a moment to take a good long breath, to enjoy a look about him. True, it is that the stone steps leading into the town hall are now and then occupied as seats of a summer evening, but contrary to legal rights and hardly in conformity to that courtesy due the passer-by. We have ourselves sat upon those stone steps when the evening was coming on, much to the annoyance, we fear, of those passing by. We mention this somewhat unpleasant fact that the necessity for a park may be more clearly seen. Now the town has the land which it might readily appropriate for this purpose. Why should it longer hesitate to do so? Just consider for a moment what a convenience and a blessing to tired humanity it would prove if men, women and children had such a place as that of which we write to sit during the oppressive evenings of the heated summer time. Will the town at an early day give the park for which we ask on behalf of all our people?

Another thing that Arlington should do, and this at once, is to provide for the safety of those who bathe in Spy pond. No season passes that Spy pond does not claim one or more victims. There have thus far this season been two men drowned in its waters. These lives might have been saved had the pond been properly guarded. But, says the objector, it will cost something to do all this. Granted. But isn't human life worth the saving? What Arlington should do is this, namely: Put during the summer time Spy pond in charge of our police and then appropriate the necessary moneys for the maintenance of a life saving station somewhere along the shores of the pond. There can be no reasonable excuse for delay in a matter so important and urgent. Will the town make the provision which we suggest and thus save many a life.

ARLINGTON POLICE.

The Enterprise has had occasion heretofore to speak more or less frequently of the faithfulness and efficiency of Arlington's police, and now it is peculiarly fitting and timely that alongside the grave of one of its brave and fallen members we should add an emphatic word to what we have before written. The death of Garrett J. Cody italicizes the imminent risk at which every member of our police force performs his duty. In times of usual and apparent quiet we give too little thought to the responsible duties in preserving the public peace. The most effective insurance that Arlington has upon her property and upon individual life comes through the watchful guardianship of her police department. And when we say this we are in no way unmindful of the promptness and efficiency of her fire department. It must be remembered, however, that the police force of our town are continually on the watch that no burglar begins his midnight plundering and that no fire breaks out—so we owe continuously a debt of gratitude to our patrolmen that our homes are for the most part safe from the burglar and the devouring flame. So the thought that we especially desire to underscore is that we are to give great credit to our policemen when all is quiet and peace throughout our town. But there is no need why we should discuss the faithfulness and efficiency of our police department, for all Arlington recognizes this fact. What we do, however, urge home upon our townsmen is the responsible and hazardous position of every member of our police force. There isn't a man of that force who does not, as did the lamented and brave Garrett J. Cody, take his life in his hand that the safety and the peace of Arlington shall be maintained at whatever cost. The point we desire to make is this, namely: that our police department should be amply paid for its services and that no extra appropriation of money asked by the department for extra services during the summer months should be denied. We can but have in mind that negative vote given by Arlington at the town meeting in March when the extra sum of three hundred dollars or thereabouts was asked for by the selectmen through and by the expressed wish of the police department for the purpose of more efficiently guarding the interests of Arlington Heights of a Sunday during the heavy summer travel on that day. Now that negative and unaccountable vote came about, not that Arlington is miserably and penurious in its grasp to save a dollar in way of the public moneys, but like other towns, forgetful or paying but little heed to the responsibilities and risk

of police official life so long as things go on comparatively well. In times of quiet we are too apt to conclude in a thoughtless way that the police force has little or nothing to do, when as a matter of fact that very quiet is largely owing to the watchful care of our patrolmen. When some official in the performance of his duty gives up his life for our individual well-being, as did Garrett J. Cody, then for the time being at least, we become awake to the fact that faithful service in behalf of life and property should be abundantly rewarded. We'll venture that that paltry sum of three hundred dollars would today be voted the police department without discussion and without a dissenting vote. Why is it that we wait until the grave shall claim its victim in official life before we recognize in a substantial way not only his services, but his every wish as well, concerning the further efficiency of his department? Again does the Enterprise urge upon Arlington the duty as well as privilege of generously meeting every wish and requirement of her police force.

Listen to Emerson as he sings in the shady groves or in the dense woods: For Nature ever faithful is To such as trust her faithfulness. When the forest shall mislead me, When the night and morning lie, When sea and land refuse to feed me, 'Twill be the fittest enough to die; Then will yet my mother yield A pillow in her greenest field, Nor the June flowers scorn to cover The clay of their departed lover!

Think of the luxury of sitting of an evening out of doors at this season of the year with your overcoat on and closely buttoned! Well, this is just what we did Wednesday night, as we read in the Boston papers of the terrible heat of that city.

To exchange morning greetings with your nearest neighbor a half mile away, through the megaphone is a pleasing verification of the saying that "distance lends enchantment." We are now sending our "good mornings" by megaphone.

There is nothing more enjoyable at this season of the year than— To take your ease, To go under trees, And do whatever else you please.

The mountains sent back to us on the Fourth that ever memorable declaration of Patrick Henry's, "Give me liberty or give me death."

Our evenings are being made glad by the whippoorwill's song; for within fifty feet of our mountain home he pours out his glad call.

That man wins the race and takes the prize who can run and not be weary and who can walk and not faint.

The fire cracker was in evidence on the Fourth of July, even in this sparsely settled north country.

It is not so much "pull down your vest" this scizzling hot weather as it is "pull off your vest."

God never made a mechanized road; but the country lane is of his own make.

These moonlit evenings that we are enjoying cannot be described.

MORE IMPROVEMENTS.

The Lexington & Boston Street Railway company is making numerous improvements for the betterment of its service. Among some of them now in progress is the double tracking of the road from the Arlington Heights terminus to the Lexington line and the construction of two storage battery power stations, one at Concord, the other at Billerica. These latter will have the effect of equalizing the power at the ends of the lines and relieve the cables and dynamos at the central station of great strain, especially when several cars are climbing hills. Nearly all of the turnouts are now equipped with block signals and telephones. All the new cars have been equipped with air brakes and the road can justly boast of as fine rolling stock as any road in the state. While the service in the past has not been all that could be desired, it would seem by these improvements that the company is sparing no expense to make it satisfactory. A new car stable north of their station and power house at North Lexington is soon to be erected, which would indicate that the present one is inadequate to accommodate all the cars the company proposes to own for its several branches.

DEATH OF MRS. TISCH.

Mrs. Ella G. Tisch, wife of Ralph Tisch, died Saturday at East Lexington. The funeral was held Tuesday at her home in Cambridge. Rev. W. N. Mason, of Epworth church, conducted the service, and a quartet sang "Home-land" and "When the Mists Have Rolled Away." The burial was in Cambridge cemetery.

There was a profusion of flowers, among them the following: lilies, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Benson, crescent, Ralph Tisch, wreath, Arthur Benson, pillow, friends of Mr. Tisch at Arlington Heights; basket of flowers, Engine Co. 4; pinks and asparagus, Charles Beck, W. C. pinks and ferns, Mrs. and Miss Landering; pinks and ferns, Mrs. Ladd; pinks and asparagus, Miss Cosgrove; pinks, Miss Kate Brennan; roses, Miss Underwood, and pieces from Lloyd Hanson, Hodges, Mr. Longley, of Arlington Heights and Mrs. Black.

The deceased was a very enthusiastic member of Charles Beck W. R. C., and at the time of her death was filling the office of color bearer. She had been ill for some time, and had gone to East Lexington for her health. Many members of the Relief Corps attended the funeral.

BELMONT.

Some time late Monday night or early Tuesday morning the house of Mrs. Herbert A. Clark of Pleasant street was entered and about \$75 worth of silverware taken. Entrance was gained by a front window over the piazza, and the lower part of the house was pretty thoroughly ransacked. When the family awakened in the morning they were at once aware that something was wrong by the disorderly state in which they found the furniture. Chief of Police Ryan was at once notified, and made a thorough examination, but was unable to find any clue. It is thought that the parties came from out of town and that as soon as they accomplished their end left either for Arlington or Boston at once.

Mrs. Dr. Newman has gone to Pemaquid, Me., for a four weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and family of Vernon street have gone to their summer home in Maine to be away all summer.

Mr. G. J. Harris, who is in the employ of the Diamond Match Co. at Keene, N. H., spent the Fourth at his home in Waverley.

Mrs. Susannah Graham, widow of the late Mr. H. Graham, mother of Mrs. B. F. Floyd of Goden street, Belmont, died at

COL. E. C. BENTON'S GIFT TO GUILDHALL, VT.
—Courtesy of Boston Journal.

COL. BENTON'S GIFT.

Last Monday evening Belmont lodge, F. and A. M., left in a body for Boston, where they embarked on trains together with a number of distinguished Boston gentlemen, for Guildhall, Vt., to attend the dedicatory exercises of the Guildhall Masonic hall and public library. The building was built by Col. E. C. Benton to be presented to Guildhall, the town of his birth. The party arrived in Lancaster at 7.30 on the morning of the 9th and proceeded to Guildhall directly after breakfasting at the Lancaster House. They were met at Guildhall by a committee of the local Masonic fraternity and were very cordially welcomed.

The Grand Lodge of Vermont assembled at the court house and officially met the Belmont lodge, which had already welcomed the visiting Masons. They then formed into a line of march and proceeded to the Masonic hall, headed by the American Waltham Watch Co. band. More than 400 Masons were present at the dedication and participated in performing the elaborate ritualistic service of the Masonic craft. The exercises were very imposing.

A collation was served in Grange hall at 1 o'clock, which was arranged by the ladies of Guildhall and they did themselves proud in their endeavor to make everything go harmoniously.

Public exercises were held in the Congregational church later in the afternoon and the following gentlemen addressed the assembly, which was made up of townspeople as well as Masons: Charles R. Montague, grand master of Vermont; Charles T. Gallagher, grand master of Massachusetts; Henry O. Kent of Lancaster, N. H.; the Hon. S. C. Lawrence of Medford, Mass.; Gen. Curtis Guild, Jr. of Boston, Mass.; the Hon. David L. Pennington representing the grand lodge of Massachusetts, the Hon. A. Folsom of Boston, and the Hon. Ira Clark of New Hampshire.

Early in the evening the first meeting was held in the Masonic hall, Most Worshipful W. Scott Noy, past grand master of Vermont, officiating, and the officers of Belmont lodge 88, were installed. A band concert was furnished later on the grounds of the Methodist church, which

was enjoyed by fully 2000 people.

The majority of the Masons, including Belmont lodge, left Guildhall early Wednesday morning for Fabyan and enjoyed the day in viewing the White Mountains.

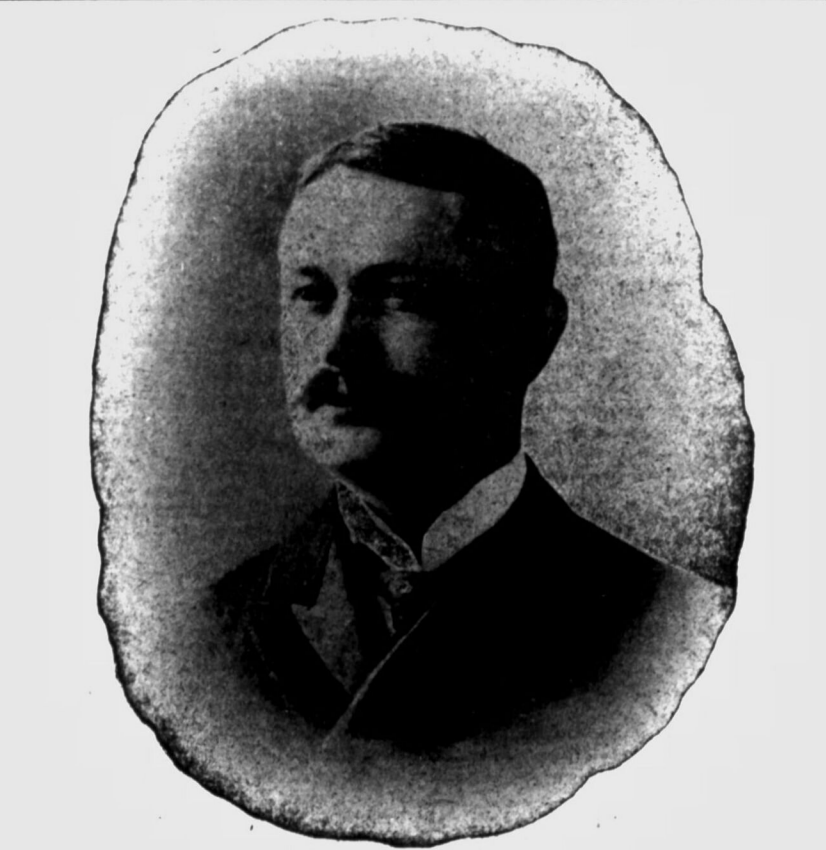
The presentation of the keys of the public library to the town officers of Guildhall was made at 10 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, after which a collation and public exercises were held in the Congregational church. The principal address was made by Prof. Walter N. Ranger, superintendent of education in Vermont. A fireworks display in the evening ended the program.

The party arrived in Boston at 7.30 a. m. Thursday, and the Belmont lodge proceeded at once to Belmont, where they closed the lodge according to the Masonic ritual.

Among the Belmont people who went to Guildhall were: Worshipful Master Irving B. Frost, Joseph H. Cullis, D. S. McCabe, Frank D. Chant, R. C. Haskins, E. Allen Pierce, E. A. Castner, Geo. M. Rogers, J. M. Baldwin, H. H. Russell, Fred E. Poor, Thomas L. Creeley, C. H. Stale, Geo. C. Flett, M. H. Pierce and Chas. A. Houlahan, all of Belmont, together with Geo. E. Smith, W. G. Colburn, J. S. Blake, Benjamin Taft, Arthur W. Burke, Curtis Guild, Jr., Herbert M. Cragg, Henry M. Fisher, T. T. Ferguson, G. W. Sampson, Louis A. Wallon, Clifford S. Cobb, John E. Cobb, James A. Bailey, E. A. Houghton, C. H. Wheeler, H. S. Milton, and A. L. Richardson.

A Boston paper pays the following tribute to our most esteemed citizen:

Col. Everett C. Benton is an example of what a young man may become who attends to business with energy and good sense. Col. Benton has been a success in whatever he has undertaken. He was an enthusiastic worker for the Republican party, and saw Gov. Greenhalge elected as one of the results; he served as an officer on that governor's staff with dignity; he was one of the council who helped Gov. Wolcott make his administration strong; and he is now one of the firm of John C. Paige & Company, a reward which came to him for his faithful work in a more humble capacity. His home town has every reason to be proud of him as well as to be grateful for his kindness.

COL. E. C. BENTON.
—Courtesy of Boston Journal.

the home of her daughter July 4, of heat prostration at 60 years of age. Mrs. Graham moved to Belmont from Boston in search of quiet, but for the past four years her health has been declining and her poor health together with the high temperature was more than she could endure. The funeral services were held at her daughter's residence Sunday at 2.30 o'clock. The Rev. Dr. R. H. Coe of the Belmont Episcopal church and Rev. Dr. George Prescott of the Church of the Good Shepherd, where Mrs. Graham formerly attended, officiated. A number of selections were rendered by the Ruggles street quartette of Boston. The interment was at Mt. Auburn cemetery. Many beautiful floral tributes were received from the numerous friends and relatives of the deceased.

The condition of ex-Congressman Sprague, who has for some time been confined in Waltham hospital, has been greatly improved of late. He was transferred to the Butler hospital in Providence several days ago.

Mr. Edward Parker Deacon died of peritonitis at the McLean hospital last Friday evening.

Otis D. Andrews, of Waverley, who is confined in Waltham hospital with appendicitis, shows marked signs of improvement.

Mrs. Agnes M. Cotter, of Waverley, has applied for a permit to build a two-family wooden dwelling house on White near Beach street. Melansen Bros. are named as the mechanics.

Miss Ryan, of Trapeze road, who has for the past two weeks been confined in Waltham hospital, has recovered and was able to return to her home Wednesday. Mrs. Ryan is still at the hospital and is steadily improving.

Sarah E. H. Stimson, 55 years, died at McLean hospital, Monday, Mrs. Stimson was the widow of the late John Stimson, of Rockport, and up to the time of her entrance to the hospital a resident of

Cambridge. She had for the past 15 years been a great mental sufferer, and it was on account of a complete breakdown of her mental faculties that she was confined at the hospital. The funeral services were held in Mt. Auburn chapel and were in charge of Prof. Whittemore. The interment was in Cambridge cemetery.

A special meeting of the Belmont Congregational society will be on Monday at 7.30 p. m. in the church. The warrant reads: 1st, to choose a moderator for said meeting. 2d, to receive a communication from the parish committee elected at the annual meeting, and to act thereon. 3d, to take such action in relation to the parish committee as may be necessary.

Alfred K. Von Arnim and Miss Annie Ingraham Eldridge, both of Brookline, were married in the All Saints Episcopal church by the Rev. Dr. Coe, at high noon, Wednesday. Following the wedding a breakfast was held at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Gilbert Payson, on Belmont street.

Last Saturday the Belmont baseball team won an easy victory over the Waverley boys, defeating them by a score of 8 to 4.

H. D. Rogers is building a pavilion for band concerts and dancing on the vacant lot beside his store. When finished it will have a polished floor 24 feet by 52 feet in diameter; the sides will be entirely open and the entire length of the structure will be protected from the weather by a canvas awning overhead. It will be finished by the first of the week and will be in use by Friday or Saturday.

Mrs. Lena A. B. Fuller left town for New York last evening, where she will enjoy a short vacation.

There was no band concert Thursday evening on account of rain. It is expected that the band will be given Thursday evenings hereafter.

L. WINE, Fine Shoe Repairing,
for ladies and gentlemen. First-class work at lowest prices. Shoeback, 8 to 12 Sunday.
616 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE.

OBSTINACY.

It's the contrary chap that makes this world a vale of woe.
The fellow that keeps saying "yes" when I keep thinking "no."
Or it's the other way round. My thoughts he seems to guess;
He loudly hollers "no!" whenever I'm thinking "yes."
I've done my duty by him; I have labored day by day
To lead him to the light and show the error of his way.
I might as well be resting; I had better take a nap
Than waste my time in argument with that contrary chap.
I am sometimes sorry for him from the bottom of my heart
To see him so deluded. In some lines he's really smart,
But his way of getting twisted on a plain an simple fact
Is most exasperating to a mind that sees exact.
The queerest thing about him is that he can never see
That what he holds out as the truth instead of me,
In speaking of "contrary chaps" he smiles exceedingly grim
At honest beliefs that that means me instead of him!

—Washington Star.

Mike and the Banshee.

An Incident of Logging Camp Life in the Sierra Nevada.

By JOHN HAMMOND HAMLIN.

Scattered throughout the Sierra Nevada mountains are numerous sawmills, which are making extensive inroads upon the magnificent tracts of timber land. The chain of mountains abounds in picturesque scenes, evergreen trees, gigantic and medium sized, and fuzzy little thickets of diminutive saplings clothe the entire range, barring the bald, snow capped peaks and the acres cleared by the hand of man.

The State Line sawmills are perhaps as well known as any other on the Truckee river, a stream that runs a dozen or more like institutions along the eastern slopes of the sierras. For a matter of convenience the site of the State Line mills is situated on the banks of the Truckee and within a few hundred feet of the Southern Pacific railway, insuring an abundance of water power and a ready means of shipping lumber. But the logging camp is perched way up near the snow line, and access to it is impossible by vehicle on account of the steep, broken contour of the mountainous district. Of course it is very essential that the logging camp be kept well supplied with provisions, and, as there are never fewer than 30 hearty and vigorous men employed at their various tasks preparing the virgin forests for the saw, you can imagine what a quantity of food is required to keep the larder well stocked.

The mode of conveying all kinds of supplies to the airy located camp is by a train of seven pack mules—small, wiry creatures that are strong and agile and quite capable of carrying a burden equal to their own weight up the arduous mountain trail that coils in a tortuous fashion from the mill up the high mountains to the rough log cabins which constituted the loggers' domain. A sight long to be remembered are these donkeys, laden with cumbersome pack saddles, piled high with miscellaneous goods, carefully picking their way up the dizzy trail. You wonder that such tiny creatures can stagger under the loads, let alone their climbing an almost perpendicular ascent.

It is no easy thing to pilot a train of mules up a narrow mountain trail. They cannot be hurried out of a slow, slow walk, frequently coming to a halt and occasionally lying down in the middle of the trail. This last act is exceedingly aggravating, as the pack has to be removed before the donkey can arise again. With all the trials and tribulations connected thereto French Joe got along splendidly as muleteer of the State Line pack train—a big, cheerful man, with a deep, sonorous voice that each individual donkey had grown to understand. His "Hello, Jinny!" rang out like a rich toned bell and urged on the mules when a lash would not have availed in the least.

Every day the trip had to be made. Besides the provisions for the men, there were 20 head of oxen and as many horses to be supplied with provender. One day the superintendent of the logging camp, happened to observe a drove of pigs rooting about the boarding house. He suggested to his employers that it would be an excellent idea to have a few of them up at camp, as there was plenty of refuser from the tables to keep them fat and his men would appreciate fresh pork now and then. The mill owners agreed with him, and so begins the real motive of this tale.

It was next to impossible to drive pigs along a wide, level roadway. It was utterly impossible to drive them up the mule trail. How, then, could these ten fat young porkers, weighing from 50 to 75 pounds each, be transported from their present field to the logging camp? The men gave it up as an unsolved riddle. Just then French Joe's voice sang out a loud "Hello, Jinny!" and the superintendent exclaimed: "The pack mules! That's the thing. Box the pigs up and load 'em on Joe's donkeys. What could be simpler?"

Easily said, but the weary corps of men that caught and boxed those slippery, noisy shotes declared that it was the hardest day's work they ever experienced. French Joe wore a look of disgust. "Morbleu! I never before see ze pig packed ze mule on. Nevalr, by gar!" Nevertheless the crated porkers were hoisted upon the pack saddles, two for each mule. Barring an occasional grunt or a faint squeal, the pigs, tired out from their valiant struggles against capture, gave no signs of displeasure at their peculiar position. The funny little donkeys, accustomed to burdens varying from fresh meat to cord wood, seemed quite indifferent to the oddness of their live freight.

French Joe's good natured smile wreathed his broad face once more as he beheld the comical array of pig laden mules. "It sees verra funny, zis ting, but it sees again like what I never see before. Ze mule will not pleased be if ze pig squeal in ze ears."

The afternoon was well advanced when Joe sang out his "Hello, Jinny! Come, Cayuse!" which started the mule train on its difficult climb up the mountain trail. The trail zigzags beneath towering pines up a very steep slope, then it winds along a canyon for a mile, ascends another pitch and finally traverses a

broad, wooded plateau, comparatively level, at the extreme end of which, on a slight rise, is the logging camp.

French Joe always rode in the wake of the train on a mule colored donkey. The narrowness of the trail prevented him from passing the burdened animals, so he had to content himself with shouting vociferously at the mules as they slowly moved over their daily route. In spite of all his precautions one beast calmly laid down at the steepest part of the first pitch. Joe was compelled to remove the pig freight and clumsy pack saddle before the erring mule could regain an upright position. In the first place the train had started late. This delay and the uncommon deliberateness of the whole string of mules consumed a great deal more time. Joe's stock of patience began to ebb. His ready tongue poured forth a surprising mixture of French and English interjections as the twilight threw gloomy shadows throughout the silent forest. When the lead mule topped the final declivity and passed beneath the great pines which studded the plateau, it was quite dark. Now Joe thought it ample time to use other means than his voice to urge the slothful donkeys onward, so he alighted from his riding animal, gathered a pocketful of rocks and mounted again. He had practiced this method before and knew that a stinging blow from a stone had its effect.

The very first stone he threw crashed through the slats of one of the pig boxes, and its effect was indeed telling. All the way up the consignment of swine had emitted scarcely a grunt, and such a piercing squeal, coming so suddenly from the stricken pig, electrified the staid donkey upon whose back he was strapped. As Joe had prophesied, "ze mule will not pleased be if ze pig squeal in ze ears."

The mule snorted hoarsely. He jumped forward against the one in front of him. The pig squealed again—a terrific, maddened squeal, that did not die away, but grew more and more piercing. Every mule in that heretofore snail-like train pricked up its long ears. Those selfsame ears must have gathered in a great volume of that horrid din, for the lead donkey struck out on a lumbering trot, closely followed by the other thoroughly alarmed beasts.

Towering pines bordered the trail; a pack saddle came in contact with a big tree trunk; another shrill scream joined in with the first. The jolting, swaying boxes, with their lusty lunged inmates, fairly shrieked, and the faster the mules ambled the more deafening waxed the dim old woods. What unearthly cries dispelled their wonted quietude!

Summer was in progress in the long, low boarding house at the logging camp. Two boards of tired, hungry men were busily making wonderful inroads upon China Tom's well cooked viands. Tallow candles shed a dim light upon the ruddy faces of the "crew."

"Now, Mike, you know there's no such thing as fairies or banshees. So what do you spin a yarn like that for?"

"O! sweer me grandfather hearn wan, an didn't he tell me the truth, now, when he says he did?"

An animated conversation ensued. The men dearly loved to hear Mike rant about his queer superstitions and argued with him simply for that reason. In the heat of the discussion China Tom appeared at the door which opened into the kitchen. He carried a dish of smoking suet pudding in either hand. The Mongolian seemed uneasy; he hesitated and looked back over his shoulder. Some of the men noticed that his whole form shook violently. Before they had time to say a word the Chinaman let both dishes fall with a crash, his almond eyes glittered wildly, and he made a frantic dash for the door. His cue sailed out behind him in a straight line, and as he disappeared the men heard a gasping "Him debbil, sure! He catches me!"

"What's up with the heathen?" said some one.

Through the chinks of the logs came a strange sound. Every man heard it. A chorus of discordant screams broke sharply on their ears. It grew louder, louder. A frightful calamity seemed impending. The main volume split up. A piercing shriek, apparently borne on wings, circled about the cabin. Another uncanny cry rent the air from the direction of the stables. The woods were full of screeching, screaming noises.

"Catamounts!" yelled a burly logger.

"Marry, mither! Save me sow! It's the banshee! Ooh, it's the banshee!"

The banshee! Did it not tally with Mike's vivid description of skurrying, whistling winds, of terrorizing cries, of dire premonitions?

Mike fell upon his knees, praying audibly and rapidly. No one directed a single jeering remark toward the praying Irishman. The crew's jesting mood had vanished. They knew not what explanation to offer in regard to these unnatural noises.

A clatter of hoofs dashed up to the cabin, a heavy body threw itself against the latched door, broke through and a huge man stood before them. "Ah, morbleu! It sees verra big meastake, zis ting, I know."

"Joe, holy smoke! Man, what have you been doing?" shouted the superintendent.

"Ze pigs zat m'sieur wished that I bring up are arrived, and zey squeal in ze mule's ear, and ze mule run away." "Ran away with the pigs! Where are they now?"

"Oh, m'sieur, it sees not easy to say! It sees verra necessaire for us all to go look."

A relieved laugh resounded through the candle lit dining room. Mike arose sheepishly from his knees.

In a short time lanterns were twinkling midst the forest aisles—here, there, everywhere. The men had no difficulty in locating the strangely burdened mules, for spasmodic squeals still echoed through the woods. When the seven donkeys were corralled, it was found that three or four boxes had burst open, liberating the pigs. The men made merry as the remainder of Joe's freight was turned loose in an unoccupied stable.

As the superintendent suggested, the loggers fully appreciated the fresh pork now and then. China Tom served it to them in many different styles, and to give zest to their hearty meals they delighted in dubbing the crisp, brown roasts, savory stews and spareribs "baked banshees," "stewed catamounts" and "broiled debbils."—Argonaut.

Squard.

Markley—I suppose you were surprised that I sent for you?
Dr. Burroughs—Yes; you don't appear to be in need of a physician.
Markley—No, but I'm in need of that \$5 I loaned you some time ago.
Dr. Burroughs—Ah! Well, I charge \$5 per visit. We're square.—Philadelphia Press.

WHAT FISH EAT.

Most Demizens of the Deep Live on Animal Substances.

There are many thousand species of fishes, and naturally there is a great diversity in their food. Nevertheless, it is possible to divide it into seven distinct classes. Now, all the animal life rests on a foundation of vegetables. Plants store up the vital forces in the air and sunshine and pass them on to the great army of vegetarians, who in their turn yield them up to the animals which live on flesh. One or two additional steps may sometimes be interposed, but the result is the same. A caterpillar eats a cabbage, an ishemumon fly quarters her brood on the caterpillar, an insect eating bird snaps up the fly, and a bird of prey pounces upon the fly catcher and finishes the story. The inevitable order is plant, vegetarian, flesh eater.

The vast majority of fishes feed on fishes or other animals found in the sea. Probably, however, the vegetarians are more numerous than are generally supposed. For instance, all the textbooks declare that a gray mullet feeds on the living matter obtained by straining sand or mud in its mouth, which doubtless is true, but they ought to explain that owing to the peculiar construction of its throat larger bodies are prevented from passing into the stomach, which is not true. No amount of letterpress will persuade a Land's End fisherman that a gray mullet cannot or does not eat seaweed. He is convinced from a lifelong observation of its habits that it does, and the fact that the fish's stomach is often found full of seaweed proves that the fisherman is right. Fishes which undoubtedly catch and swallow living prey are wont on occasion to treat themselves to a dish of vegetables. I assisted at the post mortem examination of a bream which contained, in addition to a crab, large helpings of two kinds of seaweed in different stages of digestion.

But doubtless it is a fact that fishes live for the most part on animal diet, and it is obvious that this must consist largely of some other class than their own. If fishes ate fishes only, the race would soon become extinct. Fortunately the sea is full of life, and for those which cannot or will not eat seaweed there are worms innumerable, jellyfishes, starfishes and sea urchins, the great host living in shells, from the oyster to the periwinkle and the limpet, crabs and all other kindred, and lastly other fishes. The appetite must be capricious indeed which cannot find something to tempt it among all this vast array.—Newport News-Herald.

THE FAN.

Fans were used as sacred emblems in India.

The Romans used a circular fan on occasions of state.

The early Greeks made fans of the flat leaves of the lotus.

In China both sexes find the fan essential to their comfort.

The Chinese and Japanese have from antiquity used fans of all possible varieties.

In ancient Egypt fans of strange shape made of parchment or feathers were used in religious ceremonies.

Folding fans had their origin in Japan and were imported thence to China. They were of the shape still used.

The fan is as much an article of dress with the Japanese woman as the cute little sash which ties in a big bow at the back of her gown.

In China fans of white paper are used, and it is considered a compliment to invite your friend or guest to write upon its mount some sentiment as a memento of the occasion.

Perhaps the earliest fan in history was mentioned in hieroglyphs deciphered by the Egyptologist, Lepsius. In his researches he found this sentence referring to Osiris: "In his hand he held a fan."

Photographing Closed Pages.

Library rules ordinarily forbid the removal of valuable books and engravings from the premises, so that there is trouble in obtaining photographic copies of pictures or plates, the introduction of artificial light or even of a camera being commonly prohibited. A method of getting over this difficulty which has been tried recently with success is to coat a piece of cardboard with a phosphorescent substance and, after sufficient exposure to the sun, place it at the back of the picture to be reproduced. Then (supposing that the picture is in a book) a dry plate is put against the face of it, and the volume is closed. This can be managed very easily by manipulating the dry plate under a cloth that covers the book.

The dry plate is allowed to remain from 18 to 60 minutes, according to the nature and thickness of the paper. Then it is withdrawn, under the cloth as before, and put into a dark box for subsequent development. It is stated by the inventor of this process that if films are used instead of dry plates a large number of copies of different engravings in the same book may be made at the same time.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Trouble.

The naturalist's wife had gone out for a few moments and left the baby in charge of her absentminded husband.

When she returned, she was not a little disturbed to discover the baby crying dismally and his father with a collection of his largest bottles of alcohol before him, evidently at his wits' end.

"Why, David, David?" cried the good woman, snatching up the child. "What-ever is the matter?"

"Well, my dear," responded the great naturalist simply, still gazing at the baby, "it's very strange, but I can't find a bottle large enough to hold him anywhere."—Town and Country.

The "Feelings" of Metals.

Can metals feel? At the Royal Institution in London Professor Jagadis Chunder Bose proved that they can, in much the same way as animal beings.

He struck a piece of copper, pinched a piece of zinc, gave it poison and administered an antidote and threw light upon an artificial retina. In each case the electrical emotion, as registered by the galvanometer, was painful to witness. There is an opening, for a society for the prevention of cruelty to metals.

Very Plausible.

Jed—Cholife has just returned from a hunting trip. He says he shot the biggest bear on record.

Ned—That might be so. If it hadn't been a big one, he would never have hit it.—Smart Set.

"To take her down a peg" is nothing but a sailor's direction as to the lowering of the ship's colors.

CALL 'EM UP.

Telephone Directory of Live Business Houses, Which Advertise in the Enterprise.

Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

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Arlington House, Arlington 156-2.
Arlington Insurance Agency, Arl. 303-5.
Belmont Coal Co., Arl. 36-3.
A. L. Bacon, 133-3.
Henry W. Beal, Arl. 141-3; Boston office, Main 1686.
A. E. Cotton, Arl. 238-4.
Crescent Cash Grocery, Arl. 21, 333.
David Clark, Arl. 39-3.
Charles Gott, Arl. 38-3; house, Arl. 38-2.
C. H. Gannett, Main 353-3.
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E. Price, Arl. 38-2.
Peirce & Winn, Arl. 8-2.
Dr. Ring's Sanatorium, Arl. 205-2.
W. W. Rawson, Arl. 15-3; house, Arl. 15-2; Boston office, Main 24-2.
George W. Sampson, Lex. 24-2; house, Lex. 61-7.
C. H. Stora, Arl. 131-4.
W. P. Schwamb & Bro., Arl. 111-3.
Simpson Bros., Main 1155.
A. A. Tilden, Arl. 2135-4.
H. T. Welch & Son, pay station, 2135-3.
Wood Bros., Express, Arl. 242-7.
John G. Waage, Arl. 149-4.
Wetherbee Bros., Arl. 149-6.

CHAS. GOTT, Carriage Builder,

450 Mass. Ave.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Jobbing in all branches

Fine Painting a Specialty

Have Your Horses Shod

AT

Mill Street Shoeing Forge,

26 Mill Street,

ARLINGTON.

Special attention paid to Over-reaching and Interfering Horses.

Horses Shod by experienced workmen.

First-class work guaranteed. Horses called for and delivered.

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OPTICAL REPAIRING.

Prices as low as is consistent with requirements.

FRED W. DERBY, Refracting Optician,

458 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

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Hot and Cold Soda and

QUICK LUNCH

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Office and Shop, 1033 Mass Ave.

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We make a specialty of repairing and correctly fitting Screens and Doors. Also the repairing and repainting of Piazza Chairs and Seats. We guarantee first class work and fair prices. All communications will receive prompt attention.

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Ceiling, Enameling and Hardwood Finishing a Specialty. All kinds of work done in a first-class manner.

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Groceries and Provisions,

941 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

Telephone Connection, 21303.

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Upholsterer & Cabinet Maker

Furniture, Mattresses, Window Shades, Awnings and Draperies made to order. Antique Furniture Repaired and Polished. Furniture Repaired. Carpets Made and Laid.

Mail orders promptly attended to.

442 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The House With Six Doors.

The northernmost point of Scotland is often spoken of as John O'Groat's, and there is a curious story as to how it got its name. Several hundred years ago John O'Groat took his family and settled in that place, building his house on the very tip of the rocky promontory that overlooks the Atlantic ocean northeast toward Norway. John O'Groat had an interesting family of six stalwart sons, but harmony did not dwell among them. From all accounts they were very troublesome sons indeed, and things reached such a pass finally that not one of the boys would speak to any of the others. Each one was afraid the others would get ahead of him, and each refused to enter the house unless he could go in at the door ahead of all his brothers.

The old father at last hit upon a happy plan. He had six doors made in his house, one for each of his sons, so that none could have any fear that he was getting the worst of it. But there was trouble at the dinner table, too, for every one of those quarrelsome sons was determined to sit at the head of the table. So the old father had a perfectly round table made, and every one was just as far from the center as every one else. It is not known whether John O'Groat managed to keep peace in his family or not, but the story gave a name to the rocky promontory. Robert Burns, the famous Scottish poet, says:

Hear, land o' cakes an brither Scots,
Frac Maidenkir to John O'Groat's,
If there's a hole in ae your coats,
I faith ye'll rent it.
A chiel's amang ye, takin notes,
I rede, ye'll tent it.

Summer Song.

Oh, is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers and watch the opening buds,
Or, seated in the deep cool shade at some tall ash tree's roots,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruits?



They tell me that my father's poor; that is no grief to me
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eyes can see.
They tell me, too, that richer girls can sport with toy and gem;
It may be so, and yet, I think, I do not envy them.

When forth I go upon my way, a thousand joys are mine,
The clusters of dark violets, the wreaths of the wild vine.
My jewels are the primrose pale, the bindweed and the rose,
And show me any costlier gem more beautiful than those.

Riddles.

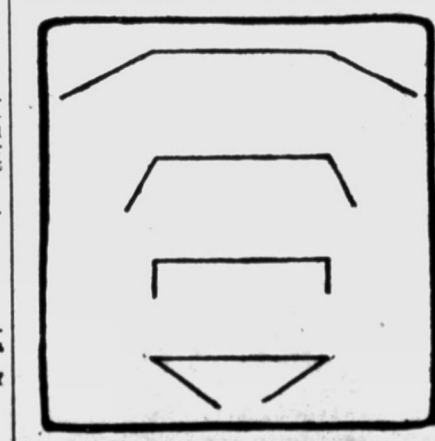
The ancients believed that the monster sphinx was the inventor of riddles. The one she proposed for solution was this: "What animal is that which goes upon four legs in the morning, upon two at noon and upon three at night?" Many persons strove to explain it, but failed and were torn to pieces by her. At length Oedipus, the son of Laïus, king of Thebes, solved it by saying that the animal was man, who in the infancy or morning of his life creeps upon his hands and feet and so goes on all fours; in the noon of his life walks on two feet, and in the waning evening and night of old age requires a stick and so totters upon three legs. The sphinx, enraged at the discovery of her riddle, threw herself from a rock and died.

Such is the fabled history of the first riddle. The true is not known, as riddles are of remote antiquity, but we find from ancient times that the Greek girls often amused themselves with proposing them for their companions to unravel. For a party of merry people clustered round a cheerful flickering fire no amusement is better calculated than a batch of enigmas and riddles, as they possess enough point to rivet the attention of all as to their probable meaning and sufficient humor to provoke many a hearty laugh.

Another Optical Illusion.

Very deceiving is the queer optical illusion which comes from a scientist in one of the government departments at Washington and which is herewith reproduced.

You would think at first glance that the horizontal lines were not of the same



length, but as a matter of fact they are. It is only another illustration of how short lines running at various angles lead the vision astray and make you think that what you are looking at is different from what it actually is.

Origin of the Word Academy.

Academy was a wealthy Greek of Athens who lived several hundred years before the birth of Christ. Among his possessions was a beautiful grove, where young men used to congregate and listen to the teachings of wise men, such as Plato and Socrates. This developed into the school of modern times, and these modern schools take their name "academy" from the old Greek, Academy. The real meaning of the word academy is a school for boys.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Boston Elevated Railway Co.

SURFACE LINES.

TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO BOWDOIN SQ.—(via Beacon st., Somerville, 4.30, 5.09 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15, 20 and 30 minutes to 11.15 p.m. SUNDAY—4.30 a.m., and intervals of 20 and 30 minutes to 11.15 p.m. NIGHT SERVICE—12.06, 12.37, 1.06, 1.37, 2.37, 3.37 (4.37 a.m., Sunday) a.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO SUBWAY—6.01 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.15 p.m. (11.30 to Adams sq.) SUNDAY—6.01, 6.31 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.15 p.m.

ARLINGTON CENTRE TO SULLIVAN SQ. TERMINAL, via Broadway—5.28, and intervals of 15 minutes to 12.03 night. SUNDAY—6.31 a.m., and intervals of 30 minutes to 12.03 night. Via Medford Hillside—6.30 a.m., and every 15 minutes to 12 night. SUNDAY—6.30 a.m., and intervals of 30 minutes to 12 night.

Elevated trains run between Sullivan square and Dudley street via the subway, from 5.30 a.m. to 12.12 night, starting same time from each end, at intervals varying from 12 to 5 minutes. Sunday, 6 a.m. to 12.12 night, at intervals of from 2 to 8 min. Running time between Sullivan square and Dudley street, about 20 min. Stations at Sullivan sq., City Union station, Haymarket sq., Adams sq., Scollay sq., Park st., Boylston st., Pleasant st., Dover st., Northampton st., Dudley st.

Special cars may be chartered at reasonable rates for balls, theatre parties, or excursions to any point on the system, on application in person or by letter at office of Super. of Transportation, 101 Milk street, Room 701.

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LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER.

Episcopal.

Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month. **FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH**
Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence Massachusetts avenue, near Elm street. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, west, L.

Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochrane, residence Locust avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10:45 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12:00 m. Follen Alliance, fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 4:30 p.m., Sunday. Lend-a-hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence Hancock street. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E., Monday evening; prayer, Thursday, 7:45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.

Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7:45 p.m., Y. P. S. C. E., Friday, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting. Branch, Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 3 p.m.; Sunday school, 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7:45, prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave.

Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10:30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Simon Robinson Lodge.

Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

IMPROVED ORDER OF HEPTASOPHS.

Meets in Lexington Conclave.

Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

George G. Meade Post 119.

Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Council No. 94.

Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.

Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.

Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 16.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB.

Meetings held at members' houses, Monday, 2:30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.

47 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.

49 cor. Lincoln and School streets.

51 cor. Clark and Forest streets.

53 cor. Mass. avenue and Cedar street.

55 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.

57 Bedford street—opp. J. M. Reed's.

59 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.

61 cor. Ash and Reed streets.

63 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.

65 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.

67 Lowell street near Arlington line.

69 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.

71 cor. Mass. avenue and Woburn street.

73 cor. Bloomfield and Eustice streets.

75 Mass. avenue and Percy road.

77 Mass. avenue opp. Village hall.

79 Mass. avenue and Pleasant street.

81 Mass. avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.

83 Mass. avenue and Sylvia streets.

85 Bedford street near Elm street.

87 Centre Engine house.

89 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.

91 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.

93 Hancock street near Hancock avenue.

95 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.

97 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's.

99 Mass. avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

231 Morrill estate, Lowell street.

561 Carhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, tapper at residence of chief engineer, tapper at residence of first assistant engineer, tapper at residence of second assistant engineer, tapper at pumping station, tapper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, tapper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, tapper at centre engine house, tapper at East Lexington engine house, tapper at residence of James B. Shelvey.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists. Give the alarm at the nearest box. Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go. Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance. Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire. Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority. Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information. CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS. Never open boxes except to give an alarm. You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you. Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned. If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

FALLEN FLOWERS.

One of the workers of the world,
Living, toiled and toiling died,
But others worked, and the world went on
And was not changed when he was gone;
A strong arm stricken, a wide sail furled,
And only a few men sighed.

One of the heroes of the world
Fought to conquer, then fought to fall
And fell down slain in his blood stained mail,
And over his form they slept;
His cause was lost and his banner furled,
And only a woman wept.

One of the singers among mankind
Sang healing songs from an o'erwrought heart,
But ere men listened the grass and wind
Were wafting the rest unsung like a wave,
And now of his fame that will ne'er depart
He has never heard in his grave.

One of the women who only love
Loved and grieved and faded away.
Ah! me! Are these gone to the God above?
What more of each can I say?
They are human flowers that flower and fall.
This is the song and the end of them all.
—Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

BIG WORDS.

Sometimes They Come Handy to Those Who Know Them.

"I do not like big words as a usual thing, but occasionally they are a great convenience, for they are great savers of space and time," remarked a gentleman who occasionally breaks into a magazine with a heavy weight. "By multiplying the prefixes or sandwiching in the fraction of the root of some word here and there a combination can be arranged that will convey in a single word and at a single glance an idea that ordinarily it would take a multiplicity of words to convey. For this reason medical jurisprudence and scientific literature generally are rich with what is regarded as a rare and extraordinary vocabulary.

"Yet there are but few words used in any of the branches of science which a mere novice in language could not understand if he would but analyze the combination and think for a moment of the derivative fragments which are to be found. Sometimes the word may string out over half a line in an ordinary newspaper column, but an examination of it will show that, even independent of the context, one may easily understand it if one will but reflect for a moment upon the fragments of other simpler words which are preserved in the combination.

I had an amazing experience once with a big word, and incidentally the use of it profited me in a small way. I had blazed out on the negro problem, and in a discussion of the mental status of the negro I had occasion to refer to the popular belief among negroes in a material heaven and urged in my contention that the negro race was a primitive race; that even his conception of a deity had not yet undergone the processes of deanthropomorphization. The word struck me because of its convenience and expressiveness, conveying as it does an idea that could scarcely be conveyed by anything less than a dozen words.

"There was a lean, cadaverous bill collector who walked in my shadow on pay day. He walked into the office, with a copy of my article in his hand. 'Excuse me,' he said, 'but me and my wife read your article on the negro question, and, being southerners, we indorse all you say. But there is one thing about it,' he continued timidly, 'which we do not understand, and since we have failed to find the word in the dictionary I thought I would ask you what it meant.'

"I did not know exactly what he was driving at and thought at first he was joking me. He pointed out the word 'deanthropomorphization.' I picked it to pieces for him in sections, and he smiled blandly and in his embarrassment forgot to present the bill which he had been trying to collect, and never after that did he dun me.

"But it taught me a more serious lesson, for I honestly believe that whatever merit there was in my article was lost on that couple because of the intense interest and curious concern which centered in the word which they did not understand. I have not used the word since, and, while it may be a convenience in literary construction, I believe I would rather spell the idea out in smaller characters."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Two Unusual Epitaphs.

A Charleston churchyard contains the dust of many eminent men and several queer epitaphs. The tombstone of Mary Ann Luyten is a cedar bedstead that has stood the ravages of 181 years. The epitaph of Charlotte Elford, who died on May 9, 1817, says that

In Childhood, Obedient.
In Wedlock, Virtuous.
In Prosperity, Humble.
In Adversity, Resigned.
In Sickness, Patient.
In Death, Happy.

Another curious one is that of John Singleton, who died Sept. 10, 1789:

Sacred and solemn
The memory of 1 in 4 and 4 in 1.
A husband, father, grandfather and father-in-law.

Lilacs Are Imported.

The common lilac, which is known to botanists as *Syringa vulgaris*, has been in cultivation for over 800 years, and its native home is said to be on the mountainous regions of central Europe, from Piedmont to Hungary, whence it was introduced to cultivation in 1597.

Botanists recognize about 12 species of lilacs, found in a wild state, and these are native from southwestern Europe through central Asia and the Himalayas to Mongolia, northern China and Japan. None of the species is a native of the American continent.

Their Difference.

One day when he was in Cambridge the late Bishop Mandell Creighton was asked if he could state the difference between an Oxford man and a Cambridge man.

The professor, as he then was, immediately replied, "An Oxford man looks as if he would belong to him, a Cambridge man as if he didn't care to whom the world belonged."

The Evil of It.

Dumbleton—Fritter's chief fault is that his temper occasionally gets the best of him.

Flasher—Very true, and that wouldn't be so bad if it didn't reveal the worst of him.—Richmond Dispatch.

What has become of the old fashioned man who said he would rather be whipped than write a letter?—Atchison Globe.

Some people who are averse to borrowing trouble manage to keep a stock on hand.—Chicago News.

JOHN A. FRATUS, Jeweler, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

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Off Hancock Avenue and Bedford Street, Lexington, Mass.

CAMELLIAS, AZALEAS, CARNATIONS, VIOLETS, ACACIA,

and other cut blooms in great variety.

ALSO CHOICE PLANTS FOR Decorations of Halls and Churches

Flowers for Funerals, Receptions, and other occasions furnished and arranged very promptly. Orders solicited.

JAMES COMLEY.

FACTS ABOUT CIGARS.

A 10c. cigar cannot be sold for 5c. because men are not in business for their health.

A good 5c. cigar can be and is often sold for 10c., because large sums are expended in advertising it which the smoker must pay for.

The "Blue Bird"

is such a 5c. cigar. It is worth 5c.

No manufacturer can give you better. Try one and be convinced.

Manufactured by

CHARLES G. KAUFFMANN,

East Lexington.

LEXINGTON ICE CO.

GEO. M. WILSON, Prop.

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Telephone Connection.

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Teaming, Jobbing

PERFECT EQUIPMENT.

CAREFUL DRIVERS.

Satisfaction Always Guaranteed.

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BLACKSMITH

Practical Horse Shoeing and Jobbing.

Hand-made Shoes For Driving Horses a Specialty.

Horses Called for and Returned.

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GODDARD BUGGY, ROAD CART

And Three Express and Provision Wagons

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Wares of all Kinds.

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D. J. VAUGHAN,

Practical PLUMBER,

Repairing in all its branches.

Furnace Work and Hot Water Heating a Specialty.

Sherburne Row, Mass. Ave., Lexington.

WOMAN AND HOME.

A CALIFORNIA WOMAN WHO IS PRESIDENT OF A RAILROAD.

They Lack Perception—How to Clean Old Clothes—Saying Disagreeable Things—Dry Heat to Relieve Pain. Women in Economics.

Mrs. John F. Kidder of Grass Valley, Cal., is president of a railroad, and she has the distinction of being one of the very few women, if not the only one, who ever held such a bona fide position and title.

She was chosen as the successor of her deceased husband, John Flint Kidder, whose death left practically the sole ownership and the management in her hands. For nearly a year previous to Mr. Kidder's death his wife was going through the process of familiarizing herself with the business affairs of the company simply because his failing health made it imperative that some trusted representative should answer the questions of subordinates, look after details and give advice and counsel.

Mrs. Kidder is not the sort of a woman who desires to taste the duties and responsibilities that usually fall to men.



MRS. JOHN F. KIDDER.

She simply is the principal owner of this railroad property, and, wishing to have it managed in a certain way, she proposes to do it herself.

In her home life Mrs. Kidder conducts a household that is the ideal of hospitality. The house is elegantly furnished and is a mansion in size and costliness, yet there is not a minor or railroad employee so humble that he does not receive the same cordial welcome at the threshold that is accorded to the most fashionable and wealthy callers. The Kidder home is also placed at the disposal of the distinguished men and women of the day who happen to come to Grass Valley to view the mines of the historic little city.

Like her husband, when he was living, there is but one thing in which Mrs. Kidder takes more pride than in the Nevada County Narrow Gauge railroad, and that is in the home over which she presides. She says it is a fine place and a pleasant home, and she wants all her friends to share her enjoyment of it.

Mrs. Kidder's sole companion is her adopted daughter, Miss Beatrice Kidder, whom she loves and cares for as tenderly as ever did a mother for her own. Mrs. Kidder says she does not see how she is going to pass the time while her daughter is finishing her education, and the only solution she can think of is to busy herself the more in her manifold daily duties.

Mrs. Kidder's railroad is only 23 miles long, but it cost \$650,000. It runs from Colfax, on the Central Pacific, through Grass Valley to Nevada City. It runs four passenger trains each way daily and a couple of freight trains. As the population of the two principal towns is about 8,000 and 6,000 respectively, it may be well understood how well the road prospers in a business way.

They Lack Perception.

Want of perception is the rock upon which many carefully constructed plans go to pieces. A nicely adjusted discrimination as to "what is what" is invaluable in every walk of life, but particularly it is essential to social aspirants, to whom it is just the quality above all others that will insure their success. It is very odd how many people seem totally lacking in such perception. They will choose the wrong people as acquaintances and, despite their anxiety to do the right thing, will provoke criticism by doing precisely the wrong one. This quality must either be inborn or acquired by long association and early education. It is quite hopeless for an adult who has neither ability to see wherein he lacks or to avoid the pitfalls which are already spread for the unwary. Perception and tact are quite different, although they are nearly allied. It goes without saying that a tactful person has perception; he could not be tactful without it. But perception does not always imply tact. It is simply a knowledge of cause and effect, says the New York Tribune. How that knowledge is to be applied is another matter. A person who has perception is never vulgar or even what is called common; neither could he be guilty of any obvious snobbery. It has as much saving virtue as a sense of humor, which also is an invulnerable admonisher to its possessor. We have all of us felt the sense of hopelessness over people who do the wrong thing and who never do and never will know it. The feeling in either great or little things is equally tormenting, whether it is Mr. James' American lady who feels a wild rage that the duchess will never know that she herself is badly gowned and that the former is perfectly dressed or a valued friend or relative whom we hopelessly feel must "dree their weird" all for the want of a little insight, which we are helpless to give them. It is almost equally aggravating because we realize that an individual afflicted with a want of perception will never become conscious of his infirmity.

How to Clean Old Clothes.

For cleaning black silk the cleansing fluid may be either alcohol and water or cold tea or coffee well strained or the water in which a couple of old black glue like gloves have been boiled, says The Designer. An ammonia solution is sometimes used with good effect, but in no case must soap or soapy water be employed. The garment should first be picked to pieces and shaken free of dust; then each piece should be laid, right side up, on a smooth, clean, unpainted table and well rubbed with a wad of the silk wet with the cleansing fluid. As each

piece is cleaned it should be hung up, without creases, on a line, and by the time all have been cleaned the first will be dry enough for ironing. The silk must be ironed on the wrong side, placing a piece of soft black crinoline between the iron and the silk, and the pressing must be continued until the latter is dry

